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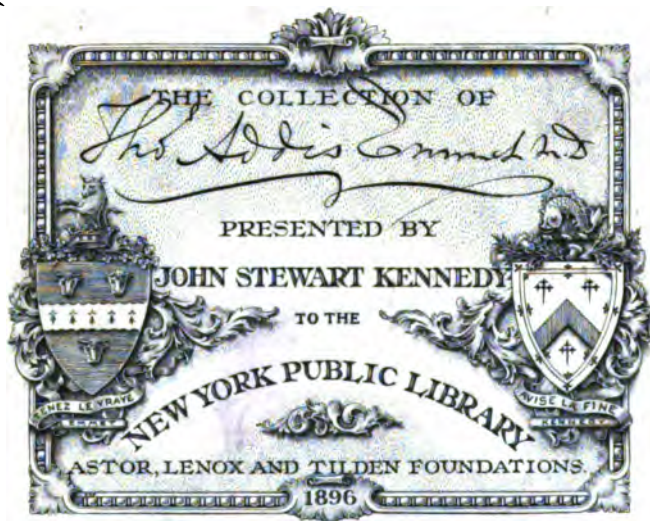
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NBI  
Stedman, R







Letter formerly in copy  
of Geo. Bancroft.

N.Y Oct. 26. 1866

My dear Mr. Bancroft,

I am sincerely obliged  
for the L.P. copy of your  
able address in death  
of Mr. Lincoln. I cannot  
describe my gratification at  
your treatment of Lord John.

I am absolutely annihilated  
him -

Thank God, the time is past  
when this country has any  
thing to fear from England.

I hope very soon to have the  
pleasure of calling upon  
you - remain

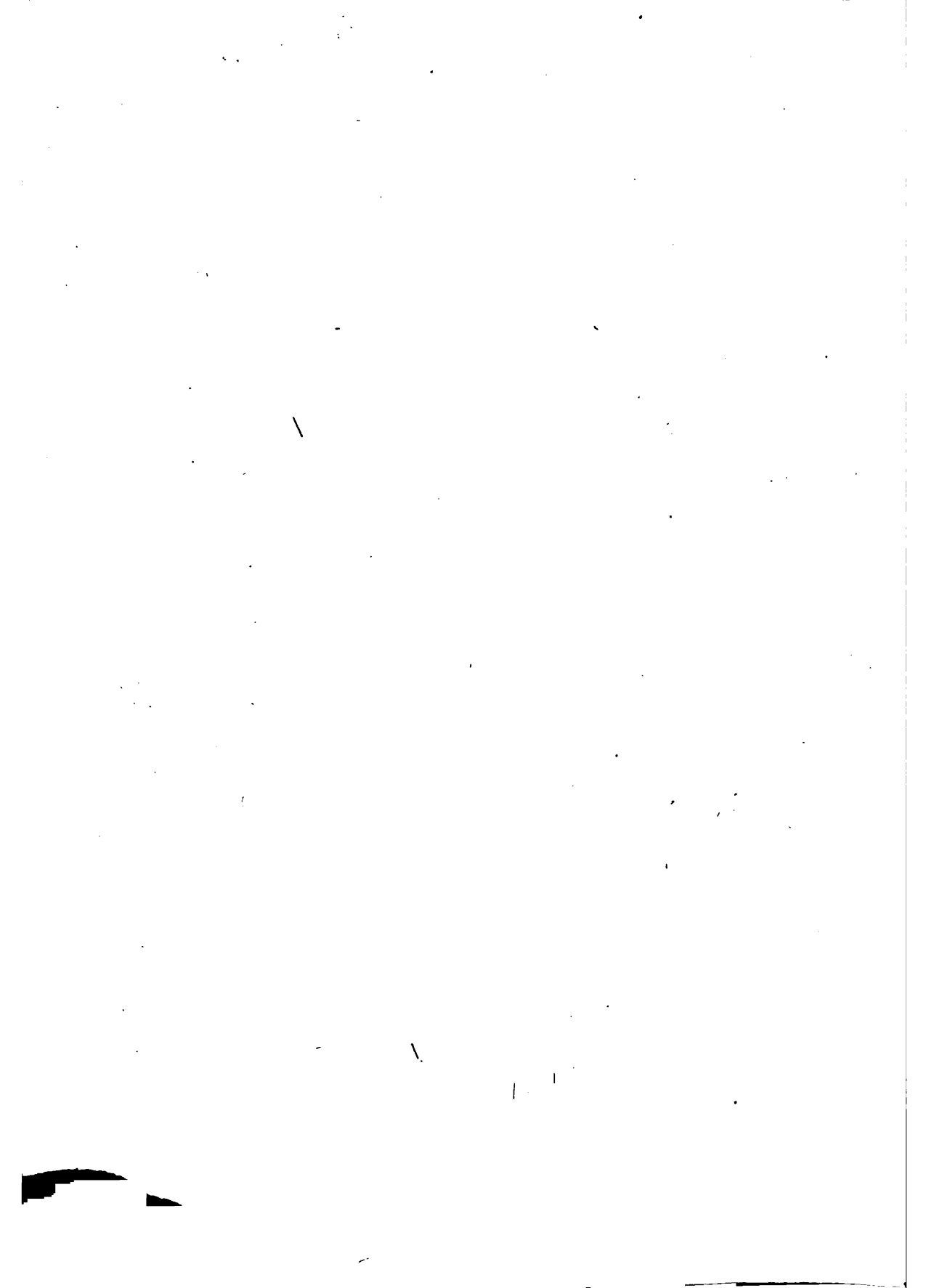
Yrs. sincerely

& respectfully

W. Hoffman

Send herewith a Squib  
which appeared in the Tribune in Sept  
I do not know who the author is.





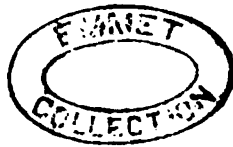
A

RECONSTRUCTION  
  
LETTER



**New-York**  
*PRIVATELY PRINTED*  
1866

ONE HUNDRED COPIES, OCTAVO.



BRADSTREET PRESS.

*I have not seen  
the original  
H. H. Mac*



*From the "Tribune," Sept. 3d, 1866.*

*"CATARACT HOUSE," Sunday, Sept. 2, 1866.*

*To the Hon. TH-RL-W W—D, Room No. 11 A-t-r H—se, New York.*



EAR TH-RL-W:

At last we have got to the Falls,  
And my horses may rest for a day in  
their stalls.

Thus far all's as smooth as your oiliest sentence,  
Not a word has been said that can bring us repent-  
ance:

We've had a clear road and a sunshiny sky,  
And every thing's lovely and the goose may hang  
high!

My team, well in hand, is so trained to its paces,  
That our Radical friends haven't dared show their  
faces.

With A-DY and G-DE-N for leaders, you know,  
The one rough and restive, the other too slow,  
And with GR-NT and the ADM-R-L mated behind,  
Both good, steady pullers (*when drove with a  
blind*),

I have sat on the box with the ribbons in hand,  
And pushed them thus far on the journey we  
planned.

Years ago, my old tutor, when things weren't so  
thriving,

And you gave me first rules in political driving,  
You hardly expected—and how could I dream?—  
That I ever should happen to guide such a team!  
Ere this you have learned how I handle the lash,  
Of our York three-mile heat and our Albany  
dash;

How at Auburn I laid on a braid rather thick,  
Put my thumb to my nose, and cried, like Saint  
Nick:

"Now, ADM-R-L! Now, GR-NT! Now, G-DE-N  
and A-DY!

On! R-ss-u, On! ST-DM-N, On! C-ST-R, my  
dandy!

We're off to Chicago: keep pace, large and small;  
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"

As for A-DY, nigh-leader, I wouldn't, for double  
His worth, to train him again take the trouble.  
Betwixt you and me, he's of rather low breed  
(A cross of Poor White with a Tennessee steed);  
And so stubborn and tricky, so dogged and willful,  
The groom who would guide him indeed must be  
skillful:

He's proud to the servant, but stoops to the  
master—

Just bid him go slower, he's sure to go faster;  
He'll kick his own feeders, bolt shy of the course—  
A regular chuck-headed, plebeian horse!  
But I've broke him to saddle, and ride him each  
day,  
And teach him his steps when the rest are away;

And in harness, so sure as there's virtue in leather,  
We'll go to good luck, or the devil, together.

Dear me! times have changed since I went on this  
road,

With a cart-full of principles heaped for a load,  
And on our white streamers our followers saw  
"Irrepressible Conflict," or read "Higher Law."  
Well, we're getting in years, but are never too old  
To handle new ribbons or take a new hold:  
"My Policy" now is the motto to win,  
Make friends with all Rebels and let the South in;  
To recant, there is always a way, where the will is—  
Quote *Tempora mutantur, et S-w-rd in illis*.

As to A-DY, I say, it's well for our game  
Just to put him in training, and enter his name  
For the National Sweepstakes, A.D. '68,  
And to tickle his pasterns and keep his head  
straight.

He's the favorite, now, with the outsiders' ring—  
The gamesters and trimmers and that sort of  
thing,—

But once we have made up our own little books,  
And the jockeys grow tired of his manners and  
looks,  
And the season draws near for the Washington  
Race,  
We'll put up another, I guess, in his place:  
Eh! Th—rl—w, old boy, the great Reconstructor  
May one of these days learn to know his con-  
ductor,  
When certain new methods and plans come to pass,  
And this big stalking-horse finds he's turned out  
to grass!

But to drop tropes and figures and come to plain  
text,  
Let's see what's been doing and what's to do next.  
Of our progress thus far you know the whole story,  
The speeches, the dinners, processions and glory.  
Ere we left the Wh—te H—se (hearing A—DY re-  
hearse  
For the last time his lessons, page, chapter and  
verse,



And explaining in full every point that we'd  
planned he

Should make at each place), "Sir," said I to A-DY,  
"Each man to his post; 'twere as well, I've been  
thinking,

That you do the talking, and I do the drinking—  
I'm safer in that line than you"—just then GR-NT  
Came in with his puff, and his eye half askant,  
And said, "That's all right; and if you'll do the  
joking

And hand-shaking business, why, I'll—do the  
smoking!"

So all was arranged; but thus far on the route,  
It must be confessed, the people turn out  
Quite as much to see GR-NT and the ADM-R-L as  
we,

And don't cheer very loud for the Old Tennessee.

Now, speaking of GR-NT, I'm sometimes uncertain  
As to all he's concealing behind that thick curtain  
Of smoke, and in doubt, as we speak from the car,  
What he'll say when at last he puts out his cigar.

At Delmonico's, once, I made sure he'd have  
spoke,

But his widest mouth-opening ended in smoke;

Now, they say that *I* love an Havana (indeed,

Old comrade, *you* know how I cling to my Weed),

But for Grant—though he seems to have joined  
our fraternity,

With his smoke-begrimed beard and his strange  
taciturnity—

In the end, my dear friend, we should sing rather  
small

If the warrior-chief were outflanking us all!

Well, the rest have just crossed to the Canada side,

To see where the Fenians raided and died—

(I'm afraid that we missed it in stepping between

The blue-nosed provincials and bold Boys in Green.

Somehow, in the cheering that's just now in vogue,

We don't hear so much of that sweet Irish  
brogue)—

While I sit in my chamber, inditing this letter

To my trusty companion and ancient abettor.

Good-natured of Douglass to die as he did,  
And to leave us of one of our rivals well rid,  
With a handsome excuse for a lengthened oration  
From the East to the West, at the cost of the  
Nation!

We'll go down to St. Louis, and come around home  
By the grand Southern route, since all roads lead  
to Rome.

Things *are* turned: what a change from the future  
you'd fix on,

That *I* should be cheered South of Mason and  
Dixon.

Have they come to our side, or ~~w~~e shifted to them?  
A delicate point—howsoever, ahem!—

We go in good company, since Brother B—CH—R  
Bids fair to be Davis's favorite preacher:

'Twas a master-manceuvre—to make him speak  
out;

Since his letter to Cleveland he can't face about.  
It was Walpole—himself, they say, not over-nice—  
Who said, "All these people at last have their  
price;"

After this we may learn that they've bought Ply-  
mouth Rock,  
And set it up South for an auctioneer's block,  
From which, in the old Charleston mart, we shall  
hear  
Of vagabond freedmen sold out by the year!

But, while we are stumping it all through the  
land,  
You fellows at home have got plenty in hand:  
Not just now at New York; for I'm not much  
afraid  
The tradesmen will injure their dear Southern  
trade;  
But I wonder what sort of Executive ditty  
Little R-YM-ND will sing to his Union Com-  
mittee.  
And look to the Senate! Oh! yes, not to mention  
The Loyalists' meeting in this week's convention.  
You've got your hands full, and must deal out  
once more  
The cards that we never so shuffled before.

Have your eye on the placemen, a close watch on

SM-THE.

But I need not tell *you* how to handle the scythe,  
Not you, who have cropped multitudinous heads,  
And rolled men in and out of the National beds. ✓

*Keep a sharp eye on R-ym-nd; you know all his  
tricks,*

How he's hopping around like the devil on sticks,  
With his Rose in his button-hole, jaunty and  
neat,

And his horse in the Park and his friends on "the  
street."

Poor fellow, I fear that he'll want to shy off—he  
Has all of the settlings and none of the coffee,  
*Meets the hand of one party, the boot of the other,  
And still turns around like a man and a brother.*

If the Loyalists' Meeting is much of a muster,  
He'll be backing and filling, in spite of his bluster;  
Just keep him whipped in, and, wherever you go,  
Don't stay long away from the shop in Park  
Row.

But the dinner-bell's rung, says Ch-dw-ck, our  
steward,

So no more to-day from your own

B-LLY S-W-RD.

P. S.—If you're reading, just try a few snatches  
From my book, lately printed, of foreign dis-  
patches;

I flatter myself they will go to posterity—  
Historical models of terseness and verity.

P. S. NUMBER 2.—A good joke on old W-ll-s,  
Who sticks to his place like a fool's cap and bells:  
When the knights of the needle, that queer dele-  
gation,  
Surrounded the head of their craft and the nation,  
Quoth a voice from the crowd, "Who's that jolly  
old owl?"

And another, "It must be a different fowl,  
For you've noticed that, whether for show or for  
use,

Among so many tailors there must be one goose."













DEC 16 1942

